The Endurance of Rot: A Love Story

1: THE MEETING OF 2 (Brain)rotten minds

“Surrealism is the magical surprise of finding a lion in a wardrobe where you were ‘sure’ of finding shirts.”

- Frida Kahlo, "I Paint My Own Reality", 1944.

An iPad Pro 11" lay on the grass of a park meadow. Many passed it by and nobody paid it any mind; all the surrounding populace were minding their business. Children as young as two already had iPads in their hands. Many minutes pass by with the iPad screen kept lit by the occasional glance of an onlooker's eyes which would for a brief moment raise the brightness of the iPad but, nobody paid mind to it. Until Zoe passed by she was listening to the Skibidi Toilet soundtrack as it played through her earphones but, as she grabbed her cellphone to change the song to something more normal she noticed the bottom half of the iPad was playing the most recent episode of the hit series Skibidi Toilet by DaFuq!?Boom! She crouched down, mesmerized, unable to look away. As this happened another woman Willow watched her phone as she walked, she didn't really mind or care for anything going on around her as she watched "Family Guy Best Cutaway Gags Each Season" on YouTube but, a pebble no bigger the size of a pea tripped her and her face fell before the iPad with its upper half playing the most recent cutaway gags of season 22. Both women were standing mere inches away from each other mindlessly watching neither acknowledged each other as both

stared at the screen mouth agape and neither took notice of the drool that had formed and slowly descended from their mouths as they simply stared into the void playing in front of them.

2: Zoe's Mental Crisis

"(figurative, slang, sometimes derogatory) A persistent delusion or obsession; a deeply-ingrained or unquestioned idea. [2010s]
(4chan /lgbt/ slang) An intrusive, unwanted, internalized transphobic or invalidating thought or belief."

- Sourced via Wikiquote

Zoe was sitting on her chair crouched like a disgusting goblin trying to brave the cold. She was browsing 4chan again on the /lgbt/ board her brain poisoned with transgender brainworms. She said to herself, "They always call me Pequeño homunculo, they don't understand how much of an AGP Sneedhon I am?".

She said this to herself as her pathetic prey brain sent signals to materialize these thoughts from her mind to the Keyboard and to the forum, she posted this and repeated it like it was some bad omen that she couldn't escape.
Zoe just like every other creature has a Worm living in her hippo campus and the hippocampus serves as a functioning home for this worm however unlike every other person She is to an extent aware of her worm and that her worm just has stacks of
USB drives full of her worst memories. It is all she can remember, all else is an aggressive dissociation.

2 ½: “Zoe works for Jarrie Falcon.” (Or: Working Sucks)

“The spectacle is not a collection of images; rather, it is a social relationship between people that is mediated by images. “

- Guy Debord, Society and the Spectacle

Zoe was cleaning up the aftermath of the show for the day. Another day of cleaning duty, she grabbed the chemicals and began to sweep away at the mess…there were stains everywhere on that front stage: wine, glass, soda, sweat it was disgusting but she needs a paycheck. She was almost done until Falcon passed her by bumping into her and spilling a fresh cup of steaming hot coffee on her shirt and on the floor, None of it directly touched her skin but, she could feel the steam and smell, she hated it. Falcon in response stared blankly and without emotion before mumbling a “fucking brokie” at her she murmured an “I’m so sorry sir” before Falcon flapped his wings and flew away backstage but, internally she wanted to throw whatever chemicals would evaporate the feathers off of Jarrie Falcon’s body but, she couldn’t argue against an A-list squawk show host unless she wanted to be put in what was the legal equivalent of being executed on live television with paperwork and permanent debt to pay off.

She whispered to herself, *“Don’t rock the boat.”* she said this over and over again like it was a command she could condition herself into maintaining, just like a dog. She hated this job even though she got the lowest paying since she was a “part-timer”. Zoe became what many increasingly called “DEI hires” with most people who were against it not getting what any of the words in that acronym meant, let alone how despite her just being another white transwoman she *still* would get the occasional “sir”, from a higher up or just a random person.

Then again, she lamented needing to do any responsibility that made her look at her own reflection, She fucking hated it but, she wasn't built for the deranged cyberlibertarians or crypto enthusiasts in the city who were trying to "Make it to the moon" shilling shitcoins on the doohickey marketplace "It's all a bubble, all of it" she said as she swept and slowly the floor began to look cleaner, she was happy, and it was a wonderful blissful moment until a child looked up and said "Itz da Wizzlewap!!" like an activation code children swarmed the stage, all of them carrying iPads or phones taking photos, immediately their shoes dirty with grime, food wrappers, etc. soiled the stage like a merciless blitz all of them in her eyes were little Treatlerites in training, mindless drones who want nothing but, to satiate the unending gravitational pull of consumption. What felt like an eternity was more like 3 minutes maximum as many of the children were finally gathered to attention by forming a straight line and not an untamed horde driven by spectacle.

After the children were on their way to lunch outside the show area, Zoe heard shallow footsteps she for a second debated mentally shriveling into a corn kernel to cope with reality but, was shocked back to reality when a woman, one with an objectively sorrowful tone approached and crouched to get to her eye level and said "I am *so* sorry I- we- *kids* ya know? And on top of that, they have special needs, and we're trying to teach em' to be better and have a sense of self-control I'm just so sorry!" the woman in front of Zoe was much taller, a bit more on the leaner side with an athletic build, she could only be described as having cinnamon skin, she wore casual clothing but, gave the energy of that she demanded attention when her job called for it but, was always willing to spend time, effort, and tears to get to her goals. And yet her eyes were devoid of emotion as she said "My name is Willow Smith, and I'm a para-professional for special needs children at the Mewing Academy for A/B/Os and

h-here's my contact information as I- I want to make it up you you Ms.? "Zoe" she responded she accepted a scribbled paper with a phone number and social media contact before carefully putting the paper into her pocket. Willow with a hand empty as Zoe's offered to help her up to her feet. Before anything more could be said a voice called out from the back "Ms. Smith lunch break is almost over please hurry up!" With those words the woman was gone through the doors.

"Willow auditions for a talk show"

"Fathers, parents! What we lack, let us give it to our children.[...] Let us learn from our children; let us listen to the quiet admonitions of their lives, to the silent demands of their minds! Come, let's live with our children!"

- Freidrich Fröbel

Willow was not a very sociable person, but she was social. She goes outside, goes to work, and on occasion goes out with an acquaintance or friend for leisure activities. However, this time her job as a special education para-professional at the "Mewing School for Little Alpha's Beta's, and Omega's" caused her to go on another field trip, the children aren't bad nor prone to fits of misbehavior they just need to be adjusted to the environment and find a way of stimulating themselves, she reminded herself of this. No matter what other people say, she will work hard to make sure to follow that principle that she learned from the NAEYC's code of ethics and conduct down to the T. She repeated it to herself almost like a mantra to stay sane: "Above all, we shall not harm children. We shall not participate in practices that are emotionally damaging, physically harmful, disrespectful, degrading, dangerous, exploitative, or intimidating to children." Besides, she thought to herself "This is the Jarrie Falcon show!

Kids watch this with their parents all the time” she said reassuringly to herself until she remembered a show producer mentioned on the bus, “Today’s guests are the Wizzlewap and the Little Price Gouge! You’ll have *so much fun!* This will look so great on our Diversity Profile”...the words the producer was saying on their way to the front row seating with the children began to blur and drown out, replacing what typical apathy she felt and replaced it with burning unrelenting rage as she realized to herself “Holy shit these people don’t care about children at all! All they do is bring them on for a quick buck, tell them to screw off and get absolutely nothing other than a few seconds or minutes of screen time!

3: Bad Vibes

“No new horror can be more terrible than the daily torture of the commonplace.” - H.P. Lovecraft, Ex Oblivione

Willow walks alone around the barren streets of her neighborhood at night. most days, she is mindless, simply taking steps of a prescribed route she takes around her block. “Nothing happens here” is the mantra whispered to the dying spirits of suburbanites where secluded safety is triumphant over community and the song of red and blue lights is only ever called by a stereo playing music at the wrong decibel or HOA violations of grass being an inch too tall, her vision dark and hazy only illuminated by the front door lights up in the identical homes that lit up her path, small lights in a sea of darkness was all she got.

See, for Willow, working with children is a Herculean task; nobody *teaches children* only for

payment, *especially children with disabilities.* Most people treat her like a saint for it, but are never willing to go beyond a simple “thank you”. Sure, she’d get an occasional gift or thank you letter from a parent, and yes, having children smile at her and ask for hugs is nice, but when you’re an adult, you have *genuine* worries: economic downturns, climate change, government repression. These things all begin to flood her mind when she walks, like the earth is going to fracture her very being into pieces if she even has another serious thought.

For a brief moment, however, a calm washed upon her, Willow became acquainted with a woman while the children she cared for were on a field trip. She was white like bones of a skeleton and had eyes that were shiny and big like those of a doe and seemingly this woman clearly had the temperament of one, however, that same calming rush transformed and grew as her brain kept thinking. It was overwhelming and nauseating… It had a similar feeling to that of maintaining a sense of stability in the classroom, like a child had just disrupted reading time by reaching out for a toy in their backpack, or how sometimes the children would derail lessons by *constantly* mentioning some unrelated topic or media they overheard from an adult or older sibling. It was that awful moment during the day when the children scream and yell some obscure internet phrase that she *needs* to get to the bottom of because it could be inappropriate but by the time she’s figured it out It's too late because the social contagion had already spread from the individual student to all the encompassing classrooms like a pandemic.

But again, like a worm burrowing underground, something in her mind was slithering and writhing inside. A thought she can’t ignore: I *want* that fucking woman. That same woman she met at the talk show, a random average low-paid worker just like her… Disgusting and

depraved thoughts swarmed in her mind, each more perverse than the last. Something about her activated something animalistic, violent, and feral with feelings of desire when she thought of her but she doesn't understand why. What was it about that brief conversation and disgusting event she witnessed on a field trip, of all things, that activated this in Willow? She was pondering this motionlessly still in the night within her neighborhood until…

Suddenly Willow is jolted to attentiveness by the screams of a home security system blaring "Warning You are being recorded" the sounds rang out in an echo, and the sound waves of those robotically cold words pierced her very core…then *crink, crank, clank* something inside her mind had broken, and the world became more disorienting, and she tried to run home but, whatever it was that had broken inside, it was all-encompassing, omnipresent, eternal *it wouldn't stop chasing her*. The streets began to melt and sink into the earth, and lamps one by one would shiver and break as *something* passed her by. The wind was audible and blowing heavy and by the time she was at her door, it was instinctual "The second key on the first ring" she shakily and quickly turned the lock and opened the door, "just like Mom taught you p-pretend you're in a zombie apocalypse" she said under her breath or was it in her mind? She couldn't tell at the moment But, as she opened the door an amorphous *thing* with a smile greeted her a light glowed in front of it, obfuscating its facial features but, before Willow could do anything, she passed out.

4: Sransbian Tex

A warning for all ye who enter here: graphic sex will be upon ye these cursed pages! Ye have been warned of the curse which might follow thee if ye choose to read on!

"I think I should say sorry. I'm really bad with people. Some things are hard to understand - like jellyfish. Do you understand jellyfish?" - Rin Tezuka, Katawa Shoujo

Willow woke up in an unfamiliar place she felt groggy but, whatever she was on was soft and comfortable, she could move around clearly but, felt very out of place and unfamiliar she however was awoken by the sounds of typing from a computer before hearing a soft "*AH! FUCK! uhh thank god you're awake? I think?".* A familiar-sounding woman responded, partially visible thanks to the very bright lights coming from the computer screen. Strangely enough, the room was pretty clean except for the few stains cleaned yet, visible from what seemed like much more unfortunate times, old empty pill bottles were everywhere however, this woman whoever she is seemed to forget to throw out old medicine bottles even if she already has what she needs, the room was also distinctly filled with various obscure posters, books, and flags that Willow didn't understand but, they would not scream "this person is crazy and might kill me". Before Willow could get any deeper into her thoughts, the person waved a hand in her face and was close. It felt cold but plastic. "Some water?" they asked.

Willows mouth was agape before saying "Sure", the woman dropped it onto her chest. Willow got a glimpse of the water bottle and saw that it was Vallarta purified water "Anyway uhh, you opened up my door and just passed out, I know that you live right in front of me but, hello I'm Zoe".

Before she said anything, a ringing began to overwhelm Willow's mind. Like it was trying to remind her of something like she had heard the name before but, the circumstances of where she was were so enigmatic that she couldn't focus. First it was a field trip then *that woman* and now this? Everything felt off and yet, simultaneously in place at once it was this realization she had that caused her to respond:

"Willow" she responded, taking a better look she began to get a better view of the computer screen and saw a Key with eyes, mouth sewn over, and a woman limp clinging to it, her head had a key going straight through it. She said out loud "Is that…Paracelsus and the *Homunculus A.B.A.?*

Those words were an action that Willow wouldn't forget as Zoe screamed at her "**I am not a**

homunculus, I am not that small!" As Zoe screamed this her hair began to turn into a thick green ooze, it was slime! Willow knew this because she ate slime at a live taping at a local news show that she mistook as "milk chocolate ice cream". Zoe cried, screamed, and thrashed in front of the woman, and out off the top of her head grew an illicium the light flickering a harsh white glow to her as her skin darkened to a cold and dark gray in the reflection Willow could see her eyes, they resembled that of deer: scared, mindless, whimsical. This activated something in Willow, a stoic with eyes that can only be described as nightmarish and devoid of feeling like that of a predator hunting its prey, not that she felt nothing but, rather she gave off the sense to others that she had feelings but, wasn't very expressive. Then Zoe said something that sent Willow off the edge and made her flip the tables on her current predicament, as Zoe began to dry heave she whimpered **"I'm not fucking lovable! It's like I have brainworms that nobody understands and I'm too much of a NEET to go outside, and I'm too much of a coward to go rope myself!".** That last statement broke Willow down to her core… This woman, who has been occupying her thoughts for the past hours after that special work encounter, is in such a position, taking on such a monstrous form, and yet…she is incapable of seeing what lovesick desires she's capable of causing for her…

Willow locked her eyes directly onto Zoe like a cat kills small birds, one second Zoe was tearful and the next second she was having her clothes yanked off her with her wrist and hands unable to fight back in any meaningful way because she was too powerful. Willow slapped Zoe on the face twice on each cheek, screaming at her, "Shut the fuck up, you pathetic bastard!" Willow locked eyes with Zoe in a way that showed she was hungry for her, and she wouldn't allow her to escape until that message was drilled into Zoe's core.

Zoe had her hands held in place above her head by Willow pinned to the bed, she felt a mix of fear and arousal with her quadruple F response (Fight-Fight-Freeze-Fawn) she felt like she was going through

all of these at once and something within her very core begged her to give in and continue. Willow got dangerously close to Zoe and looked her in the eyes overstimulating her as she said with ragged yet, commanding breaths “You are going to grab that stupid bottle of lube you use to goon to your fucking anime porn and give it to me, I’m gonna drill into your pathetic skull that *you* are worthy of love independent of me, got it?” she said the words with a cold yet-calculating force “G-Got it” Zoe responded shakily, as she went to retrieve the lubricant Willow was staring darts into her body purring like a cat was being scratched on the exact spot it demanded attention to and as Zoe got the lubricant Willow gave a satisfying *crack* to her knuckles.

When Zoe returned she stood frozen with the lubricant not knowing what to do, at this moment just wanted to follow orders and go with the flow. The anticipation was killing her until she heard Willow speak “On the bed, all fours” and Zoe did nothing short of complying. She got on all fours like a taxidermied dog, stiff and lack of emotion but, unlike a taxidermy, she was shaking in anticipation of what would happen. Willow again with a cold yet, comforting voice said “If at any point you want to stop just remember this, 1 tap is go, 2 is slow down, and 3 is stop okay?”. “Yes” Zoe responded firmly and with that Willow began to explore Zoe’s orifice gently with a medical glove covered in lube, first it was one finger, and it felt cold and moist as it entered her but, it made her crave more, on instinct Zoe bucked her hips back against the finger making willow go deeper until she tapped a gland no bigger than the size of a walnut, and it made Zoe see stars in her eyes. “More I need more fingers” Zoe demanded of Willow she was whimpering and crying pleading for her satisfaction, but, Willow only crouched over her to bite the nape of her neck and asked her “What’s the magic word then?”. Zoe was crying as she pleaded out “Please give me more” she never felt so full of emotion and yet, Willow complied as things gradually became more intense until Willow was 3 fingers deep into her but, Zoe wanted more she pleaded for Willow to give more, massage her prostate, wreck her until she passed out, etc. But, Willow had very different plans as she told her “Any more fingers and I would be more or less shoving a whole hand in but, I can offer you something better”. Zoe looked at Willow with

anticipation begging. Willow began to do a rhythmic *tap* on Zoe's prostate while her other hand held her genitalia, allowing Zoe to move and feel her skin deeply. "I-I want to cum" Zoe pleaded and with that simple phrase a flame sparked in Willow's eyes, in a hushed yet, intimate tone she whispered to her "I'll let you, only if you admit that you're worthy of love". This demand scared Zoe down to her core but, she wanted to feel the release more than anything else, she began bucking her hips, crying, breathing, and her body clenching Willow's fingers tight like the slightest movement would snap her lover's fingers off and at that moment she gave a soft shaky whimper saying "I'm worthy of…l-love" and with that, she saw stars, so many stars that it felt like the entirety of the universe itself was inside of her as she orgasmed and all those pent-up lost feelings of self-loathing disappeared as her orgasm continued. She collapsed into the bed, Willow, slowly cleaning up after having such an intense moment, tucked the little woman into her bed with loving eyes. With this, the two got into bed and slept the rest of the night.

Wooing at the Skunk Restaurant

"I'm your slave since only you are special

please tell me anything

I'm your slave I am here

to protect only you"

- UNDER17, Love Slave (DearS opening thene)

Scratch scratch scratch, a sound comes from Zoe's door. She was groggy and still in a dazed state from playing "Goonernomicron Book 1: Accidentally summoning a *Captivating Chaos* (Who has taken a possessive LIKING towards me + make me her closest follower?!!). She was vividly remembering the depictions of a *dark, tall, omnipresent and incomprehensible mass swathing her hole and caressing her body*. This thought was interrupted by a sudden *meow* sounding like a screech of a banshee, it was her cat Mr. Bananabones, he did this whenever he wanted attention like a small child asking for affection, it's not an issue for Zoe as she understands that much like children the need for affection is a naturally occurring phenomenon. She got up opening the door, the cat looked up at its servant like a true sigma, completely mogging Zoe staring deep into her eyes, jaw-shut and clearly mewing and then without hesitation Mr. Bananabones sneezed on Zoe's socks 3 times without hesitation (this was *his way* of reminding her that *he is the alpha kitten and she is the beta humanoid who serves him).*

Zoe left her room to get the wet food for the cat "Your such a skibidi goober Mr. Bananabones, your oh so scrungly" said to him in a cooing voice like a mother does to her child, the cat simply looked at her dead in the eyes and said *"The Narwhal bacons at midnight"* and just like that the cat began to eat his food as the food made little honking noises similar to that of a trombone but, microscopic. Suddenly Zoe felt her phone make a little noise **TUTUTUTUTU** she opened up her cellphone, the skibidi toilet sitting smack dab in the middle with various obscure logos of Japanese shows surrounding it: **The Edging Yandere Goons for love, Everyday life with Zornklebinks, Nyanlathotep crawls into loves Dark Embrace, Troglodyte Rehabilitation Center.** To mark it all off there was a big transgender flag

encompassing the background with just enough opacity that it was only something you'd notice if someone *really* examined each detail of her Lock Screen.

She looked at the message and her eyes began to feel heavy and disoriented, it was a woman she'd met while at her temporary job. The message simply read: Hello. This is Willow Smith. I believe that I met you a couple of weeks ago at the Jarrie Falcon show and would like to take you out (as a figure of speech) to a date. Are you available? Please have a nice day."

The message felt almost stoic, like it was an alien attempting to converse like a human but, too monotonous despite clearly understanding how humans interact. In short, Zoe was flabbergasted that anyone would ask a *troon* like her out.

Her hands were shaking with a sense of fear and imagination as to what this could mean for her, She typed, "yes im available; how does the Ohio Skunk Restaurant sound for you?". She got a simple "Yes, 4pm," and before Zoe could say anything, her brain began to dissociate aggressively. She forced herself to get into the shower; Zoe had gone 72 hours without showering she was *stinky* and not in the way that she liked. It was one thing to smell the must and grime from a hot woman after she had finished working out; the aromas alone made Zoe dizzy but, she couldn't stop now.

The Woman declothed herself and stepped into the shower; the water was hot to a scalding degree and that was her favorite temperature. She scrubbed every inch and orifice of her body, for once she didn't see herself as a corpse in the making. Next was her hair, she got it wet making her resemble a banshee, she then put on the shampoo it was soft and bubbly and

it made her feel nice, for a brief moment she didn't want to leave the shower like she could stay like this forever but, she reminded herself she had a date.

She had dressed herself a black hitsuji goods t-shirt with a smiling face with a halo and the text below: "Worldwide Broadcasting Any Country At Any Cost", next her normal pride boxers she bought like 2 years ago and only wore once (it was the only one because she forgot to do her laundry), She put on some casual cargo shorts, wool socks, and then she put on her shoes and got ready to leave the house.

Mr. Bananabones had closed the door behind her. Before she knew it she had walked into the restaurant, Willow was sitting at the first table since today wasn't busy at all. She sat down nervously, "h-hello how are y-you?" she asked she was nervous and about to break apart. Willow had stared at her emptily and gave a slight smile she said "I'm doing well, how was the walk here?" her voice deep yet, sultry. Zoe couldn't respond her mind was overwhelmed by thoughts of what to say, do, and examine how this is even happening? Before her mind broke the intercom with a giddy childish tone called: "Please can number 42086256781829 please pick up their order?". Zoe went to pick-up their order and she looked at the worker they had a tuba where the upper half of the body would be and normal human legs but, instead of feet they had wheels. The worker handing her the meal simple let out a sharp "BAUUUUM" and she went along her way. In fact, all of the workers were exactly like this. She sat down to eat with Willow and simply discussed matters like politics or how the economy had shit the bed recently for everyone except their bosses. Then Willow asked "So what are you doing this weekend?" she asked with a smile. "Eh probably going to watch some anime, play more of the games I like!". As Zoe rambled endlessly Willow looked at her with eyes full of love and

thought to herself “God she’s so cute and pretty! I want to just slowly bite her and keep her as my wife, maybe even my pet…” As they ate they had back-and-forths the chemistry showing with the occasional belly laughs on anime. Willow spoke about how her family was Sikh and Catholic, cultural movies, Bollywood, etc. In turn Zoe would discuss her family and the History of the Panama Canal and how there are generations of family members who had worked in every sector. As the time went on, various patrons would ask if they were married, and Willow would always answer “Not yet”. Every time it made Zoe blush, eventually time put this date to a pause as Willow drove Zoe home (upon her insistence) and thus concluded a successful date.

Second Date, Second Base [Mini-Date/micro-chapter) [Alt Title: Willow’s poem about another date]

“MWAH!

Please please.

I want you so bad

Let me take care of you, shake shake, with my knack for lovin’

If you won’t cry, it’ll dry up, let’s let it pour

Please say yes? I wanna lick away our spices, drink up the tears from your dissected heart”

- DECO*27, Monitoring (ft. Hatsune Miku)

I can’t pretend to know how this will end

But, you always make it special

You speak in enigmas

That seem incomprehensible

Yet, I’ve learned every syllable

The rot that formed you

Is something very special

But, perception lies in the beholder

When you tense

You squeal

You yearn and whir

I want to see it all

The skin you wear

Makes me want to tear open your body

Handling it with the care of a scientist

Watch your heart pump and expand as the blood flows inside you

One day you slept over

My mind couldn’t hold

So I sat next to you simply watching over

8 hours passed my mind had just snapped

Then i just slept in harmony alongside you

Do you remember the day we went to the pet store?

The day we got you a collar?

You’re oh so cute in the palm of my hand

Like a frail and defenseless little puppy

Beyond the animals

From cats to dogs

The games we play are always a way to entertain

The life we’re making

Pieces at a time

As you fall into my arms

And our hearts merge together…

My mind is screaming

Yearning and pleading to consummate my love with you

I want to pin you, ravish you, make you scream

Lock you up so nobody but me can see you…

As I drill my love into you

The day I met you I wanted to pounce you

But, I must be strategic, cold, calculating

As I've seen you touch those same places I've touched lovingly

My breath is heavy and my heart is fluttering

Why do you love me

It fucking scares me

The stoicism inside can only hold for so long until it shatters…so why?

Why me above all?

Aren't I simply another tranny? Another faggot?

Then I snap back together to reality

And I recall that you voluntarily and autonomously chose to love me…

I've lost the ebbs and flows of time

How long has it been since we've met?

At least a decade we've weathered the skibidi flows of life under society

all I wish is to continue to make the choice to spend all my time with you

And every day I am grateful that you do the same…

Epilogue

As the lovers died cuddling eachother in bed their corpses rotted together after taken to a mortician. Somehow their cat Mr. Bananabones broke into their grave and ate the flesh of her owners, it tasted delicious like eating a freshly cooked bacon and hash browns and as she ate her brain began to grow and expand, her body morphing as she walked along back into her home where the owners she knew and loved passed on. However a beating became evermore present as she lay there: Mr. Bananabones was suddenly reminded that he was pregnant and not with any old alley cat but, the dog of Willow Ms.Riot as they got into shenanigans while their owners were still alive but, they were too late to stop the creation of the ultimate life form. The vet couldn't take the cells out and it layed dormant slowly fertilizing after decades of inactivity, somehow their death of Zoe and Willow was the biological sleeper cell activation code, Ms. Bananabones began to ache as Ms. Riot rushed over with her favorite blankets under her lover's groin and over her stomach to make the birth easier, they held eachothers paws and looked into eachothers eyes, Bananabones pushed in rhythm as the contractions came and went both knew that these weren't some Braxton Hicks no, these were the real deal slowly the baby took shape covered in the ooze of the placenta, and as Mr. Bananabones gave her last push to get the baby out she gripped Ms. Riot's paw and screamed out "TO QUOTE EMMA GOLDMAN: 'Anarchism: The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.'" Then she passed out (not died mind you but, simply passed out due to stress), as Ms. Riot held the spawn she could call his own in his hands he said "Perfect looks just like its father". An ambulance rushed the new family away and after some time this child henceforth called "Pleasant" was in good health it had been diagnosed with the following after being in the hospital:

- *autism*

- *Mild cerebral palsy*
- *Lazy right eye*

Everytime it spoke, all would exit were microwave beeps but, when words spilled out all time would slow and with an indescribable cybernetic voice said: “haiiiiii :3 wawawa X3”. This child was something special alright.Transferred to its brain was the accumulation of the knowledge its grandparents contained: every memory, password, fact, historical event, and the knowledge that made Zoe and Willow scholars to begin with. Within the ashes of the old world of Zoe and Willow was born the illogical conclusion of their love: the ultimate lifeform a dog-cat super hybrid known as Pleasant, a being that exclusively spoke in microwave beeps and whose words would be telepathically translated to those who it spoke to and many adventures were to come for this whimsical new organism. Now it was Pleasant’s turn to departure towards life with kindness and a featherbrained attitude toward the problems it faced!